The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1801.

SCHEME
For encreasing the power *of the* FAIR SEX.

THE celebrated Dr. Berkeley, late bishop of Cloyne, among other curious queries in his works, asks, "whether a *woman of fashion* ought not to be declared a *public enemy?*" There is a way of asking questions in which the answer is plainly or nearly implied, and this I take to be an example of it, though perhaps not such an example as we find in the sacred writings, "What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?"—If then with the good bishop we allow that a woman of fashion (in the bad acceptation of the phrase) is a public enemy, I hope no one will deny the counter-position, that a woman of virtue and prudence is a public good—a public benefactor.

By way of preface to the scheme I am to propose, give me leave to state one plain fact, "that the influence of the fair sex over the men is great and universal." This I suppose, your readers will allow unanimously. He that has a heart to feel, will be convinced of it in relation to himself, and he that has eyes to see, will be convinced of it in relation to others. The greatest and the best of men, are so far from concealing the influence which female charms possess over them, that they devote much of their time and attention to the ladies. As to the rest of mankind, who do not come under the description of great and good, but who compose the bulk of the world, whether beaux or plain tradesmen, whether follower of trade, science, or the beau monde, it is plain that the greater part of their endeavours are to please the ladies. The beaux, we all know, exist only while they are in the service of the fair sex; and the humerous tribes of poets and musicians would starve, if love-sonnets were out of fashion. In a word, attention to the fair sex, and a desire to be in their good graces, is *the universal passion*—the passion that never dies; for even the old gentleman, in his gouty flannels, or hobbling on his crutches, though conscious that he can no longer captivate, presumes, that by gentle gallantry he may yet be agreeable. The man who is odious to the fair sex, who never strives to appear pleasing in their eyes, who rails against them, and boasts of the impenetrability of his heart, is one of those monsters of which society is ashamed, and strict virtue refuses to boast.

The universal influence of the sex being allowed, I hope it is not presumption unpardonable if I add, that while the fair sex are conscious of their dominion, they are at the same time, not displeased with it.

The time has been in polished, and is now in barbarous nations when the fair sex were depressed in every respect—A comparison therefore must be acceptable to them; especially when they consider, that such is the present state of manners in all civilized nations, as to afford no fear that ever their dominion will be lessened. They have conquered all rebellions, and having survived all dangerous Jealousies, are now firmly seated on the throne of empire.

Having now cleared the way to the immediate subject of my letter, I proceed to state, that this power which the fair sex have over us, may be used to greater and better purposes than it has hitherto been generally employed to promote.—I am persuaded that nothing short of a general reformation of manners would take place, were the ladies to use their power in discouraging our licentious manners. Men of vice and fashion, for these two qualities are almost united; have long entertained a notion, that a rake is a character much more pleasing to the fair sex, than a sober virtuous man. How well it is founded, I leave to my fair readers to determine. In public places, particularly at the theatre, we see a young gentlemen of *spirit*, who belongs to a party of virtuous women, leave them between the acts, to pay his respects to those who come there to make a market of their saleable charms. And this shall be known by the party he has left, who on his return, perhaps, express no other sense of disapprobation, than by a pat with a fan on the cheek, of a "you wild fellow," which he considers rather as a mark of favour. The consequences of this inattention on the part of virtuous women, are too frequently fatal to themselves, and to their children. Distinctions, are by these

and ſimilar means, done entirely away betwixt virtue and vice, the former is robbed of its dignity, and the latter is clothed with the ſpoils.

It appears to me, therefore, that if the fair ſex, knowing their power, were to exert it in theſe and all other inſtances, public licentiouſneſs at laſt would vaniſh. Private vice might not be interrupted indeed, but an object of infinite importance would be attained. The miſchief reſulting from the example of vice in ſuperiors would be prevented. It would be no longer honourable to make an open ſhew of one's follies. And this might be eaſily accompliſhed, if the fair ſex were to diſcourage all ſuch behaviour as an inſult offered to themſelves—an inſult offered to the married ſtate, and a tacit avowal of principles, which are the bane of poliſhed life, and ſource of female ruin. I would have every one guilty of ſeduction, to be conſidered, not as a "wild, gay, young fellow," who had amuſed himſelf with a "little harmleſs gallantry," (phraſes too often applied in ſuch caſes)—but a cool, deliberate villain, who thought he bought pleaſure cheap, at the expence of the infamy and ruin of ſome miſguided and unſuſpecting female. To be thus conſidered by the virtuous part of the ſex, to have ſuch a ſtigma fixed upon them, would be a more ſevere puniſhment than our laws can inflict, and more effectually diſcourage licentiouſneſs than volumes of morality. The moſt abandoned profligate cannot bear cenſure from the ſex he pretends to adore. The moſt conſummate imprudence cannot face the frowns of that ſex, to pleaſe whom is ſo much the ambition of all mankind.

Were I to contract every argument on this head, into the compaſs of a few words, I would thus addreſs the ladies, *Conſult the dignity of your ſex.* Conſider, that men in general would be juſt what you pleaſe to make them. Teach them, then, that it is not by a diſplay of the proofs of licentious gallantry, that you are to be won—Teach them that you do not value them in proportion to the ruin they have occaſioned, that you are not to be amuſed at the expence of another's ſorrow. You will not thereby find, that you have leſſened the power you poſſeſs over our ſex——it will be enlarged and promoted. Public decency will become a faſhion---and public virtue the only examble.

HISTORY of JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page* 239.]

THE character of Smith, from his late conduct, roſe higher in the eſtimation of both his friends, and they were more anxious for his intereſt than ever. Sir Harry become very much altered; his behaviour to Miſs Maitland, and the loſs of her affections, preyed upon his ſpirits, and he deſpaired of ever regaining her favour. Smith ſoon received a Cornetcy in a new raiſed regiment, and had notice given him, that the regiment would probably be ſent abroad in a few months, as ſoon as they were inſtructed in their exerciſe. To haſten the buſineſs as much as poſſible, he was ordered immediately to K——. Our youth was, at preſent, at Sir Harry's. The morning before he left London to join his regiment, Sir Harry, with a more animated countenance than he had worn for ſome time, ſurpriſed Smith, by ſaying, 'I'm going to the Eaſt Indies.'

'Indeed! when?'

'Very ſoon, next week.'

'Have you entered into the army?'

'No. I go a volunteer under Lord C——.'

'This is a ſudden determination, Sir Harry.'

'I have long purpoſed to leave England. I dined yeſterday, you know, in company with his Lordſhip; his expedit on was talked about. I wiſhed I was going with him, and, without waiting for a reply, offered my ſervices as a volunteer. He was, at firſt, ſurpriſed, and doubted my determination, but the moment he was aſſured, with the polite attention of a man and a ſoldier, he accepted my offer. I ſhall ſee him again this morning.' 'You are not then,' ſaid Smith, 'in any regiment?'

'Not at preſent; I am not very partial to a military life, but the war ſtill ſpreading prevents private travelling, and ſurely I cannot better employ my time abſent from my native country than in its defence. Were I to remain in town, Smith, I ſhould ſoon become a miſerable victim to the vices of faſcinating diſſipation. I have already attempted crimes my natural feelings recoil at, my real principles deteſt; and I can only rejoice that the chief was not accompliſhed. Miſs Maitland, let me thank her guardian angel, *is* ſafe; another poor girl, a daughter of a country ſhopkeeper, unhappily apprenticed at a baſe milliner's, has been ruined by me. I left her, on hearing that Miſs Maitland's father was no more, and in the agitation of my mind, neglected to ſend her any remittance. When I returned to town with you, I went to her lodging, not doubting that ſhe was ſtill there. She was gone, had been ſtripped of her ſmall property for the debt of her lodging, and, almoſt in the hour of labour, turned into the ſtreet by the infamous woman of the houſe. You can tell how reſtleſs I have been ever ſince I came to town; day after day unceaſing I ſought her; chance at laſt diſcovered her to me, as a beggar, with her poor little boy. I will not relate the miſery that my neglect of her occaſioned. The charity of one, almoſt as poor as herſelf, afforded her a hovel, in which ſhe was delivered of her burden; the ſame charity had given her the common neceſſaries of life for herſelf and infant, and had pointed to her the reſource of begging to prevent a greater evil. Would you believed it, Smith, that a poor old woman, who dragged on a precarious exiſtence by the pickings of the ſtreet, could have afforded this aſſiſtance to another fellow-creature, and even attempted charity to others. Bluſh, grandeur, pomp, and avarice! it was ſo. I have made what reparation I could for poor

Fanny, She is gone, as a widow, to live in the country near her friends, and I have settled 100l. a year on herself and child; I have also given the friendly old woman an annuity of 20l. and advanced the quarter. Do you think I have done sufficient?' 'I think,' replied Smith, 'you have acted very right, much better than settling a larger sum, and more likely to produce happiness.' 'Had this unhappy young creature perished by my neglect,' continued Sir Harry, 'I never could have been happy; I should have always considered myself as a murderer. The manners of the world cannot so deceive me, as to make me appear to myself innocent, when I tell I am guilty.'" "My dear friend,' said our hero, 'my principles fully accord with your own. Every one, who does an injury to another, is nevertheless as complete a villian, whether the laws reach him or not; and I firmly believe, that the man, who seduces an unhappy female, and leaves her a victim to vice and misery, is not less guilty, than if he had finished the cruel deed by stabbing her to the heart. Had he committed the last; he might have hurt his own feelings more, but he had probably spared her's: he had prevented the progress of immorality; he had severed the chain of vice. The destruction of a fellow-creature may be perpetrated without the immediate conclusion of the life; and I declare, Sir Harry, I should, I think, feel less remorse, (bad and dreadful as the supposition is,) in having rashly slain a fellow creature, than I should in being conscious of a cool and determined plot that ended in her ruin. A poor young woman, seduced from her original station in life, may glitter and dazzle for awhile; the evil that afterwards follows the original author is willing to transfer to others; and when the unhappy girl is at last, by a regular gradation, by the natural consequence of her first introduction to vice, hurried to the gulph of worldly misery, he can calmly blame her own folly and imprudence. Yes, he may blame her, and excuse himself; he is at present his own judge, but let him not even think of a future tribunal, lest the very thought should destroy the few short moments that yet remain to him of the delusion, before the stern avenger of the helpless and innocent shall call him to his account.' 'The destruction of this young woman, I trust I have prevented in time,' said Sir Harry. Oh! Smith, what a dangerous pre-emieence is birth and fortune. We are deceived from our cradle, and never hear a truth unless it is pleasing. My education has been my bane; this fascinating city has completed the delusion. I am determined to tear myself from it, and if ever, my friend, we meet again in my native country, you shall find I am not so deficient in what, with shame I confess, I have ever neglected—the pure principles of virtue, morality, and religion.' With these good sentiments and resolutions, the friends parted, and Smith, the same day, joined his regiment at K——. As the first act of contrition, our hero wrote a very long and excellent letter to Mr Freeman. He fully and clearly told his conduct, and the deserved, though ungrateful consequences which had followed. He declared, that the chief thing that had prevented his writing, was the fear of encroaching too far on those friends, whose liberality he had made so ill a use of. He confessed also to Mr. Freeman, that his debts, both at Oxford and in London, far exceeded his present means of paying, but that he was getting a full statement of them before he left England, and he hoped, by economy, and by the utmost care and attention in his affairs, to be able to settle every thing by the time that he returned. Such were the heads of his letter, and with a determination to put his good resolution in practice, he remained fixed at his quarters, and totally employed himself in attending to his military duty. Mr. Freeman immediately answered his letter in the most kind and friendly manner; he informed him that his friend Major Grey was married, but did not yet talk of returning to England. The rest of the letter was of no material consequence to this history, though highly gratifying to our hero. Smith received many invitations from his London acquaintance; but he resisted the temptation, and for the first two months he did not leave the vicinity of the regiment, or sleep from his quarters one night. By such regular discipline he perfected himself in the art militant, and had been of such use in getting the common men fit for service, that a Lieutenancy was vacant, was offered him on very advantageous terms. He was to pay a small sum annually from his pay, till he procured the principal, that made the difference of his Cornetcy. Our hero joyfully accepted the offer, and as the Captain of the troop had leave of absence to visit his friends at a distance, before he went abroad, the command rested upon Smith. This early preferment redoubled the ardour of our hero, and so orderly were his men, and under such regular good discipline, that he received the thanks of all the inhabitants for his conduct. About this time a trifling circumstance happened, which, as it had nothing to do with the general history of the youth, I shall omit at present, as it will be more properly mentioned in the description of a man, with whom Smith soon after got acquainted. Sir Harry Valence was now on his voyage to the East Indies, and Lord Edward Cafusin was soon expected from Ireland, where he had been to visit some estates of the Duke's in that Kingdom.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It may be doubted, with good reason, whether there ever was, in a nation, a more abject, slavish, and bigoted generation than the tribe of Beaux-Esprits, *at present so prevalent in this island. Their pretensions to be Free-livers, are no other than rakes have to be Free-thinkers, and savages to be Freemen.*

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IN this station he remained till his captain returned; he then asked for leave of absence, and went to town for a week, to prepare proper apparel and other necessaries before he went abroad. He also received a letter from Wiffle, that Symms and himself were in town, and wished much to see him. He found them at their former house, the New Hummums, and at dinner they introduced to him the new acquaintance mentioned in the last chapter, Mr. Marmaduke Pendragon.

This gentleman was tall, and rather large in his person, particularly a head so round, that a turnip, well scraped and rouged, would be no bad emblem. His hair had been originally very light, but he had thought proper to commence crop, and as a crop is nothing without a black head of hair, it was dyed black. He had well rubbed the sides of his face with onions to get him a pair of whiskers; it had succeeded, but unhappily the whiskers came up a dingy yellow. As his eye brows still retained their natural colour, his curly black head had almost the appearance of being covered with a wig. His plump round countenance too appeared so fat and puerile, that no stranger of any sensibility could look in his face without a smile. Marmaduke was one of the younger sons of a country gentleman of family and fortune, in the North of England, and who

had been for many parliaments a member for the county. The family was very large, eight daughters and six sons; as such, Marmaduke had reason to think himself handsomely provided for on the death of his father, with a fortune of eight thousand pounds, the portion of each of the younger children. His friends had placed him with an eminent attorney, but proud of his independence, he could bear no restraint or confinement, and before two years had been past, he contrived to get released from his articles. He next, therefore, took lodgings in the temple, under pretence of studying the law as barrister. The greatest misfortune that could have happened to Marmaduke was, that in his younger years, he shewed more vivacity and pertness than generally fell to the lot of his other brothers and sisters. The family were never noticed for their wisdom, and they mistook the abilities of Marmaduke, and cried him up as a miracle of sense. This young gentleman, upan the credit of his early knowledge, was always very tenacious of his opinion: would never listen to any advice, and was by this time (his 21st year) become a most curious compound of eccentricity and folly. He was, what he himself called a violent assertor of the cause of freedom, in other words, a democrat upon a French scale. Without any settled principle or rule of action, he pretended to disbelieve every thing religious or moral, that did not suit his own turn. In short, what with the jumble of law terms, political cant, London phrases, pieces of orations, heard at the spouting clubs and other public meetings, with gleanings from the play houses, and extracts from the pamphlets of the day, his language was a complete mixture of absurdity, impudence and folly. He had never read ten pages in any one book, since he came from school, yet he was anxious for the character of a scholar; and without being able to speak on the same subject for two minutes, he oftentimes attempted the orator, especially among those he considered as his inferiors. At present his eight thousand pounds were about half gone, and the hopeful youth was neither improved in law or learning, more than when he first came from the attorney's.

This genius Smith frequently met with Wiffle & Symms and one evening he prevailed upon our hero to attend with him the lectures of a famous Anglo politician. The rage of our hero was scarcely restrained as he heard the most illiberal invectives against the laws of his country—while the semblance of Roman or Grecian jurisprudence concealed the lurking insinuation, and was made use of as a cloak for the orator. After the lecture, another of the same stamp, with the utmost judgment, taste and feeling, read a few pages from a modern history in the form of a novel, but purposely to condemn the civil and criminal laws of Great Britain. Marmaduke was wonderfully pleased with the last, as being more suited to his comprehension, and as they returned to the tavern, eagerly asked Smith's opinion of the subject. He replied that the characters were unnatural, that there were none such in common life, and that the circumstances recorded in the tale, were not only improbable, but could never happen in the common course of things. 'Dont you know,' said the other, 'that a great man in this country may at any time oppress his tenants, servants or dependents, and by dint of money & interest, take away all hopes of redress? No, replied Smith, I only know that men, without good principles, whether rich or poor, may elude, pervert and abuse the very best laws, and sometimes with impunity; but no man can directly or indirectly trample on another, without being at all times liable to be punished. The thief may steal, the highwayman may rob, and stand their chance of detection, in the same manner as the wicked wretch in power may injure his poor neighbour, and run the risk of his revenge. I'll give you an instance, rejoined our youth, that came but the other day under my own notice—I am quartered with my party, not many miles from London—the captain was absent, and the command devolved upon me. As I was exercising the troop on a common near the high road, one of the soldier's horses, a new one, violent and high spirited, that from a hurt in his leg, had not been rode for some days, hearing a huntsman's halloo, broke from the ranks, and regardless of every impediment, rushed towards the sound. The man, a very good rider, was some time before he could stop him, and in the interim had passed two ladies and their servants on the public road.—The ladies were much frightened, but not the least accident happened. As the man returned by the ladies, he civilly took off his cap, and then joined the ranks. The same evening I received a message from Lady Upscot, one of the persons he had passed, to attend her at——, a place about eight miles from my quarters. The letter contained violent invectives against the man. I answered her ladyship in the most civil manner, that I could not possibly wait upon her, but I was extremely sorry she had been frightened, and I would enquire into the particulars of the case, and if the man had behaved in the least wrong, he should certainly be punished. Lady Upscot's husband you know, is one of the first men in the kingdom, and as a minister his power is as excessive as any subjects. Her ladyship was doubly enraged at my not attending her summons, and upon hearing the man was not punished; for I at once perceived, from others he met on the road, that he was free from any blame. She therefore so stated the business to my Lord, so influenced his passions, that he applied to the war minister to have the man severely punished. I received an order to attend the minister, who intimated to me his lordship's pleasure. His lordship also thought proper to write to me upon the subject. I replied to the war minister, that if he thought proper to call a court martial, the affair might be publicly investigated, but that I should do no such thing, as I could prove the man was totally innocent. In reply to his lordship's letter, I said, that upon enquiry, so far from punishing the man, I would in every respect, protect him; and that if his lordship again made use of his undue influence in the business, to the mutual prejudice of myself and the soldier, I would at once make the affair as public as possible, and leave his Lordship's character to answer for the consequence. Well, Sir, so ended the business; I have not heard another word of the matter, and am well assured I never shall." Mr. Marmaduke was not satisfied; he never was when he began with a contrary opinion; he therefore contended, till they had reached the tavern, that servants and dependants were most shamefully neglected and oppressed by the English laws. Symms and Wiffle, and some others, met them at supper. The eccentricity of Marmaduke's character amused them very much, and as he freely drank his wine, he became still more ridiculous.

Marmaduke knew, by sight, most of the dashing characters about town; he could call every fashionable demirep by her name; and had made himself master of the christian name of half the noblemen in London. All these he indiscriminately talked about, and as he told some barefaced lie, plainly proved it was so in the very next sentence.

"I dined in company with his Grace of Castledown the other day."

"His Grace! he has been abroad these two years."

"Poh! I mean his brother, Lord John, a fine young man; I know him intimately."

"His Grace has no brother; he has an uncle Lord John, but he is so infirm, he seldom goes from home."

"Well, never mind, I hate all your aristocratical party, I mean some of the family."

"Unluckily, Marmaduke, this is the most democratical family in kingdom."

So well informed was this promising youth, the advocate of liberty, the reformer of the religion and laws of his country!

Soon afterwards Marmaduke took it in his head to abuse the Bible, and, from a few pages he had read, in a fashionable novel, made sure of his mark. "It is a very indecent and indelicate book," said he, 'unfit for the perusal of young and chaste minds."

"I believe, my dear friend," said Wiffle, with a dry look, "You know as much of the Bible, as you do of any other book."

"Now, Wiffle," said Marmaduke, "you always doubt my learning; but I can prove that the Bible is very indecent." "Mr. Marmaduke," said Smith, "do you love truth?" "Undoubtedly. Truth is—truth is—" "Universally the language of the Bible," added Smith, "and by the fidelity of translators, many indelicate expressions are necessarily preserved, which time, custom, and manners warranted in the original yet I defy you to find one passage, Mr. Marmaduke, one sentiment, that will raise an unchaste passion, or encourage immorality. But thousands of books are written, and the very one you have borrowed your idea from is an instance, without the least indelicate word, the sentiments of which are fit only to be read in a brothel: nay, the most indecent book that ever was written in the English language, is famous for the purity of the words, as not one is said to be found in the whole book, that may be ranked under the term obscure.' Marmaduke was quite astonished at this last remark, and determined, if possible, to remember it on some other occasion; but Wiffle would not let him off so easily. 'Marmaduke,' said he, 'as you are so learned in the Bible, give us a critique, my good fellow.' His opponent indignantly replied, 'How came Joshua and the moon to stand still!' Smith & the rest burst into a violent laugh, but Wiffle, keeping his countenance, calmly replied, 'Oh! Marmaduke, Marmaduke, if you had red the chapter before, you would have seen the reason at once; don't you remember how Joshua travelled to the moon?' 'Yes replied the hopeful Pendragon, sharply, 'to be sure I have read it, but I don't believe a word of the matter.' The laugh was now ten times louder. The critic thought the laugh was at his wit, and began joining in it, when Wiffle, whose itch for punning could no longer be restrained, dropped all his gravity, and laying his hand on the other's jolly broad pate, and shaking it gently, like a Mandarine's head, exclaimed—

Mar is thy name, friend,
And Mar thy nature,
Mars thou art a most.
Marvellous creature.

The company re-echoed the laugh at Mr. Marmaduke's drool figure, who was so astonished he knew not whether he ought to be angry: but, as there was no grain of heroism in his composition, he thought he had better not, so quietly let the rest laugh their fill. When it had pretty well subsided; Symms, with seeming simplicity, begged of Mr. Marmaduke, as a favour, to repeat some of that speech he had intended to make at Coachmaker's-Hall. Marmaduke had, at his chambers, spouted away to Symms, whom he considered as little better than a fool, this speech which was to have been spoken; Symms, with his nice talent of mimicing, had caught all the laboured action of the other, and remembered great part of the speech. Marmaduke, conscious he should expose himself in the present company, declined it, alledging that it was so long since that he had quite forfot it. Symms professed himself so highly pleased with it, he had thought of nothing else, and retained great part in his memory, and if Mr. Marmaduke had no objection, he would try a little, though certain he could never do it justice. Marmaduke, flattered at the notice taken of it, did not object, and Symms began, borrowing at the same time the hat of the future barrister, an enormous cocked one, bought on purpose for the lobby and Ranelagh. Symms first walked a little about the room to catch the air and manners of Marmaduke, then getting rather behind the other, he began. You might have sworn, at the commencement of the speech, that Marmaduke himself had spoken, but in a few sentences the caricature grew so strong, that the applause of the company put a stop to the performance; and Smith fell into such paroxysms of laughter, that he absolutely dropped off his chair. Marmaduke, who did not see the action, was the only one unmoved, and cared little about it, except that it was over. Young Pendragon was so complete a coxcomb, so affected, so conceited, so self-opinionated, that he was the most proper object in the world for a subject of ridicule; he was of that species of vain coxcombs, that your feelings were never hurt at seeing him ridiculed. Every man who knew him, knew he deserved it, and it was only occasional sallies of this kind which kept his impudence within any bounds. I'll give you reader, a short specimen of this cool impudence of his; you may judge of the rest by the sample:

When Marmaduke Pandragon, Esq. first dashed upon the town, the youth thought proper to keep his phaeton; it happened that he dined at a public meeting, where was a nobleman distinguished for his rank and abilities, but whom he had never seen before. The cloth was scarce removed, when his Grace casually mentioned that he purposed going to Richmond on the morrow, but had not determined how. 'I go there myself, my Lord Duke,' exclaimed the hopeful boy, joining in the conversation; 'and shall be extremely happy to drive you in my phaeton' It is unnecessary to, add, his Lordship looked surprised, and declined the offer.—So much for the modesty and diffidence of Marmaduke.

[~~To be~~ *continued.*] 250

ANECDOTE.

A NUMBER of unfortunate convicts having arrived at the place of execution, one of them who was very inattentive on the occasion, had a gentle rebuke from the *pious Ketch*, which he received with a *sang froid* so perfectly at his ease, that he asked *Ketch* "if he had any commands where he was going?" Jack, in reply thanked him for his civility, and told him he "believed he must *trouble* him with a *line*!" and at that instant clapped the halter about his neck.

ALEXIS.

A FRAGMENT.

IF nothing else can change that stubborn heart of thine, the gloomy confines of a prison shall!' exclaimed the father of Alexis, to his only son. 'I have nurtured thee, and my parental love has heretofore indulged thee in what was pleasing to thy affections, in hope that I would have had the same return from thee, and that thou would'st at my request, when I broke this matter to thee, have readily complied. Thou knowest that I have long looked upon Arabella as a daughter, and thou wilt still prefer Margaret, that low bred girl, one that has nothing to bring with her in comparison to the daughter of my friend.'

'Let me for this once, be heard,' cried Alexis, falling upon his knees before his father, 'I have loved Margaret ever since I can remember, and our love has increased with our years; I have plighted her my faith, and to her have sworn eternal constancy: And would my dear, my honoured father have me bear the appellation of a perjured villain. She has my heart and she alone shall.'

'And then you are determined to persevere,' interrupted his father. 'But I will see whether it will be proof against stone-walls, whose thickness will not only shut out the light, but banish Margaret from thy sight. Nor will thy father stand before those eyes of thine, while thou art immured in the thick dungeon that awaits thee, until thou confessest the error, with which thou art now infatuated—Till then—adieu.'

Alexis was hurried to his place of confinement. The keeper of the prison had been ordered by the father of this unfortunate youth to use him with the utmost rigour—and he too well fulfilled the mandate.

The stay of Alexis in this dismal place of abode was but short. After a few days he was carried forth—not to the splendid mansion of his father, but—where

'The rude forefathers of the Hamlet sleep!'

L. B.

Interesting and Pleasing Reflections.

WHY is the mind of man, when endued with what is called taste, delighted with what is called extravagant flights in poetry, extraordinary metaphors, excesses in grammar, cromatics in music, &c. how come we to be charmed with things which offend common sense, or shock the natural ear? and from what turn of caprice does it proceed, that the very errors and faults of some of the arts and sciences, are esteemed beauties! Nay, to show that taste is not only above, but even sometimes averse from rational admiration, we need but recollect the pleasure we receive from viewing some of the deformities of nature, as rocks, precipices, &c. and at the same time remember, that we are sensible of a certain horror during the contemplation.

Is not a child's grief for the loss of his dinner more severe than a man's? In proportion as our reason improves, and our sentiments refine, the poignancy of disappointment appears more blunt. There is an alleviating resource, a kind of self-soothing consolation, in the very distresses of delicate minds, the refinement of which would be but poorly exchanged for

'The broadest unfeeling folly wears.'

But the disappointments of mere natural appetite has no resource, no allevaition; how much more to be pitied then!

LIFE is a picture; fortune the frame, but misfortune the shade—the first only is intrinsic ornament, but the latter if well sustained, forms the intrinsic merit by giving a bolder relief to the figures.

A mediocrity in writing is quicker perceived in poetry, than in any thing else. I would rather *buoy* in the surface sometimes, than always *anchor* in the mud.

THE malicious censures of our enemies, if we make a right use of them, may prove of greater advantage to us than the civilities of our best friends.

ANECDOTE.

A SERVANT maid went to a lady of quality, to hire herself in the capacity of house-maid. Pray, my lady, says the girl, who is to rub the furniture, the footman or me? Neither, replies her ladyship, I do it every day for my health's sake; and I wish other ladies of quality would do the same, to cure them of the vapours, which proceed entirely from habits of inactivity and indolence.—This is an example well worthy of imitation in the present age of luxury and dissipation.

ANECDOTES.

THE late James Taylor, of penurious memory, when near his death, being told his situation, resolved, at the eleventh hour, to be benevolent. He sent for the Governor of a public charity, to whom he observed, " that his physician had informed him he could not live 6 weeks, and he wished to bequest the charity 1500l. But—"The Governor interrupted him with many thanks—" But," he continued," if you will *allow me the discount*, I'll pay the money now."

Two Clergymen entering into conversation, when one lamented the little power his preaching and admonitions had towards reclaiming his parishioners from their vices. To which the other replied, he had been more lucky; for he had made many of them proselytes to the three capital virtues, namely, faith, hope, & repentance. " Aye!" says the other, " you have been very fortunate indeed! but pray, by what means did you bring them to so happy a conversion."—" Why," by borrowing their money; for had they not had faith in me that I should repay them, they had not lent it; after I had been indebted to them sometime, they hoped I should return it; but now they know I cannot pay them, they heartily repent they ever lent it me."

A YOUNG preacher, who had a very handsome mein, a melodious voice, a graceful action, and all the other agreeable charms which please in declamation, having mounted the pulpit, suddenly lost his memory, and not a word of the sermon could he recollect. To quit the pulpit would have been dishonourable; to speak was more difficult, for he had nothing to say. What was to be done in this extremity? He resolved to remain collected, and to make the best use of his voice and action, without pronouncing any thing but unconnected words, imperfect sentences, and pathetic exclamations; such as, *fors, buts, ifs, yets, ohs! ahs! you'll please to observe*, &c. Never did a preacher appear with more grace and animation. He expanded his lungs, he made pathetic exclamations, and waved his hand in a thousand graceful manners. The pulpit shook; and the vault of the church, which was vast, re-echoed to all the vociferations he sent forth. The audience preserved a profound silence: every one reclined his ear, and redoubled his attention, to catch sentences which were never spoken. Those who sat near the pulpit said," We are too near: we cannot hear a sentence!" Those, who sat remote, complained of the distance, which caused them to lose the most wonderful sermon they ever heard. In a word, our preacher kept his auditors in this manner for three quarters of an hour, all of them complaining of their seats. When he withdrew, their acclamations followed him; and they resolved, the next time he preached, to choose their places with more care, and not to deprive themselves of the fruits of a sermon which they were sensible was never equalled.

This anecdote will shew, that a preacher may succeed without reason or imagination; and, if we judge by some who enjoy a good reputation, it will tend to prove, a musical voice, balancing the hands, and uttering warm exclamations, are the chief requisites for a *declaimer* in the pulpit

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Baltimore.

☞ *The Carrier having been indisposed at the publication of the last number of the Magazine, prevented its being then delivered;—This, it is hoped, will excuse us for serving two numbers at this time.*

☞ *Some irregularity has existed in the delivery of this work, but no loss will be sustained by the subscribers, as the numbers to complete the quarter shall be faithfully delivered.*

A SINGULARITY.

ONE Baker, of Kent, in England, born in 1700, and died in 1756—At sixteen, he was disappointed in a love affair, on which he vowed never to pull off his clothes, or go to bed, until he should gain the affections of his mistress, which vow he religiously kept, and continued to sleep on the ground, or in a chair (without pulling off his clothes) the remaining forty years of his life. When his clothes were much worn, he used to have them sewed or patched by any good-natured neighbor, who would take the trouble to do it; and at the time of his disease his coat was of at least twenty-seven colours, from the patches, which from time to time had been put on it.

STUDY OF NATURE.

IT must be confessed, that there is not an employment of the mind, productive of greater delight, of more solid satisfaction, nor of a greater variety of enjoyments, than an attentive contemplation of the works of Nature—Were we to live for ages in this world, and to employ every day, in studying the phænomena and singularities of the mineral kingdom only, we should find still innumerable things which we could not explain, which would excite more and more our curiosity, and yet continue inscrutable by our finite capacities. Let us employ then at least, since the duration of our life scarce extends beyond half a century, let us well employ the short time that is granted to us here, and devote as much of it as the necessary duties of life will permit, to the study of Nature; and, by thus enriching our minds, treasure up the most innocent and the most inexaustible stores of knowledge and pleasure. The exquisite delight which such studies afford, will be heightened more and more, in proportion as we meditate on the ends which the Creator has proposed in his works; for the wonders of Nature are more admirable and more sumblime than all the productions of human art. These are not always compatible with our welfare; and, so far from rendering us either wiser or better, they are often the mere objects of uninstructive admiration. But all the works of Nature, even the most singular and inexplicable, have for their object the felicity of the whole creation. They exist not merely to be contemplanted as objects of sight, but to be enjoyed; and all, without exception, proclaim unspeakable goodness, as well as unsearchable wisdom and unbounded power.

SPRING PROSPECTS.

TING'D in Flora's rainbow hues,
Dipt in vivifying dews,
The woods, the hills, the vernal vales appear:
But ſoon their glowing colours fade!
For all this pleaſing gay parade
Is but the *promiſe* of the *fruitful* year.

Hence, learn, ye thoughtleſs and ye vain,
Who fondly dance in pleaſure's train,
Amidſt the gayeſt ſcences of roſy youth,
To cheriſh ſtill beneath the flowers,
That decorate the preſent hours,
The ſacred ſeeds of *innocence* and *truth*.

INVOCATION TO *HEALTH.*

NYMPH of the roſy cheek, and brilliant eye!
So ſought when abſent—ſo neglected nigh;
Daughter of *Temp'rance*, crown'd with deathleſs flowers,
From cryſtal floods, and amaranthine bowers,
O doubly welcome! o'er this languid frame
Thy influence pour, and rouſe the vital flame;
Bid the ſlow pulſe to briſker meaſures beat,
And the glad ſpirits re-aſſume their ſeat,
As in the morn of life—ah, bliſsful morn!
When bloom'd the roſe of joy without its thorn:
When youth and hope, with all their ſmiling train,
Join'd in the dance, and rais'd their ſyren ſtrain:
Say—wilt thou long thy ſuppliant's ſide attend,
Soothe his ſwoln heart, and prove his boſom friend?
And when that hour ſhall come—for come it muſt!
When thou ſhalt late ſurrender up thy truſt;
Direct his aims, and point his wearied eyes,
To better worlds, and manſions in the ſkies;
Reſign'd, obedient to great nature's law,
Reluctant then, thy ſoft kind hand withdraw;
And gently lay him on the lap of earth,
To wait the warning voice, that wakes *time's ſecond birth*.

An addreſs to Chloe, on ſeeing her kiss her cat.

CHLOE, ſweet girl! in pity hear
This ſmall requeſt, that I may live?
Let me with your grimalkin ſhare
The balmy kiſſes which you give.
And when in ſearch of mouſe or rat,
Puſs range abroad with zeal moſt fervent;
Rather than wait to kiſs your cat—
Kiſs in her ſtead, your humble ſervant.

CONTENT.—A PASTORAL.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

Yellow ſheafs from rich *Ceres* her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on her floor,
Her caſement, ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door.

We ſate ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt:
Freſh fruits! and ſhe cull'd me the beſt:
While thrown from my guard, by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt!

I told my ſoft wiſhes—ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(*Ye Virgins, her voice was divine!*)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denyed,
But take me, fond ſhepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek!
So ſimple, yet ſweet were her charms!
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glowed on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together, we 'tend a few ſheep,
And if by yon prattler, the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom, I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

Together we range o'er the ſlow riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views,
Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtills,
And point out new themes for my muſe.

To pomp or proud titles ſhe ne'er did aſpire,
The damſel's of humble deſcent:
The cottager, PEACE, is well known for her ſire,
And ſhepherds have call'd her CONTENT.

ODE, TO E—— R——.

HOW ſweet is the breath of the morn,
And ſweetly the choriſters ſing!
Yon flowers that encircle the thorn,
In all the gay plumage of ſpring.

How lovely yon fields to the eye!
How tall and majeſtic the trees:—
With friendſhip its ſweets to enjoy,
And inhale the impregnated breeze.

But ah! my Eliza, to thee
My heart beats the fondeſt alarms;
When in all the bright objects I ſee,
'Tis *thine*, which gives birth to *their* charms.——W

REBUS.

A miller's buſineſs in his mill,
Ye fair if ye tranſpoſe,
One letter drop, and then you will,
A favorite thing diſcloſe.

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